

# THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR

By

PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by Author of "The Kindred of the Dust," Told in Motion Pictures, Loew's Palace Soon.

"BUT, John, his manner was so hearty and earnest we had to accept. Really, I think we might have hurt his feelings if we had declined."

"Kay seemed happy to stay."

"That is another reason for accepting his invitation. I know she'll enjoy it so here."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Parker replied, dryly. "She has helped herself to the car and driver in order to aid Farrel at my expense."

His humorous wife smiled covertly. Parker smoked contemplatively for a quarter of an hour. Then—

"Here comes the smiling son of Nippon, John," Mrs. Parker remarked.

The potato baron entered the secluded patio and sat down beside them on the porch. With a preliminary whistling intake of breath he remarked that it was a beautiful day and then proceeded without delay to discuss the subject closest to his heart—the fertile stretches of the San Gregorio valley.

Parker acquiesced a trifle uneasily.

"As I explained to you this morning," Mr. Okada, he began, "our deal has become a trifle complicated by reason of the wholly unexpected return of Mr. Miguel Farrel."

"Very great misfortune," Okada sympathized. "Very great disappointment."

Mrs. Parker favored him with a look of violent dislike and departed abruptly, much to Okada's relief. Immediately he drew his chair close to Parker's.

"You sink Mr. Farrel perhaps can raise in one year the money to redeem property?" he demanded.

"I haven't the slightest information as to his money-raising ability, other than the information given me by that man Pablo has just looked up. If, as Loustalot informed me, Farrel has a judgment against him, he is extremely liable to raise a hundred thousand or more today, what with funds in bank and about fifteen thousand sheep."

"I sink Farrel not very lucky today wix sheep, Mr. Parker."

"Well, whether he's lucky or not, he has our deal blocked for one year. I can do nothing now until title to this ranch is actually vested in me. I am morally

certain Farrel will never redeem the property, but—well, you realize my predicament, Mr. Okada. Our deal is definitely hung up for one year."

"Very great disappointment!" Okada replied sadly. "Next year, I sink California legislature make new law so Japanese people have very much difficulty to buy land. Attorneys for Japanese Association of California very much frightened because they know Japanese treaty rights not affected by such law. If my people can buy this valley before that law comes to make trouble for Japanese people, I sink very much better for everybody."

"But, my dear Mr. Okada, I cannot make a move until Miguel Farrel fails to redeem the property at the expiration of the redemption period, one year hence."

"Perhaps that sheepman kill Mr. Farrel," Okada suggested, hopefully. "I hoping, for sake of Japanese people, that sheepman very bad luck for Mr. Farrel."

"Well, I wouldn't care to have him for an enemy. However, I dare say Farrel knows the man well enough and will protect himself accordingly. By the way, Farrel is violently opposed to Japanese colonization of the San Gregorio."

"You sink he have prejudice against Japanese people?"

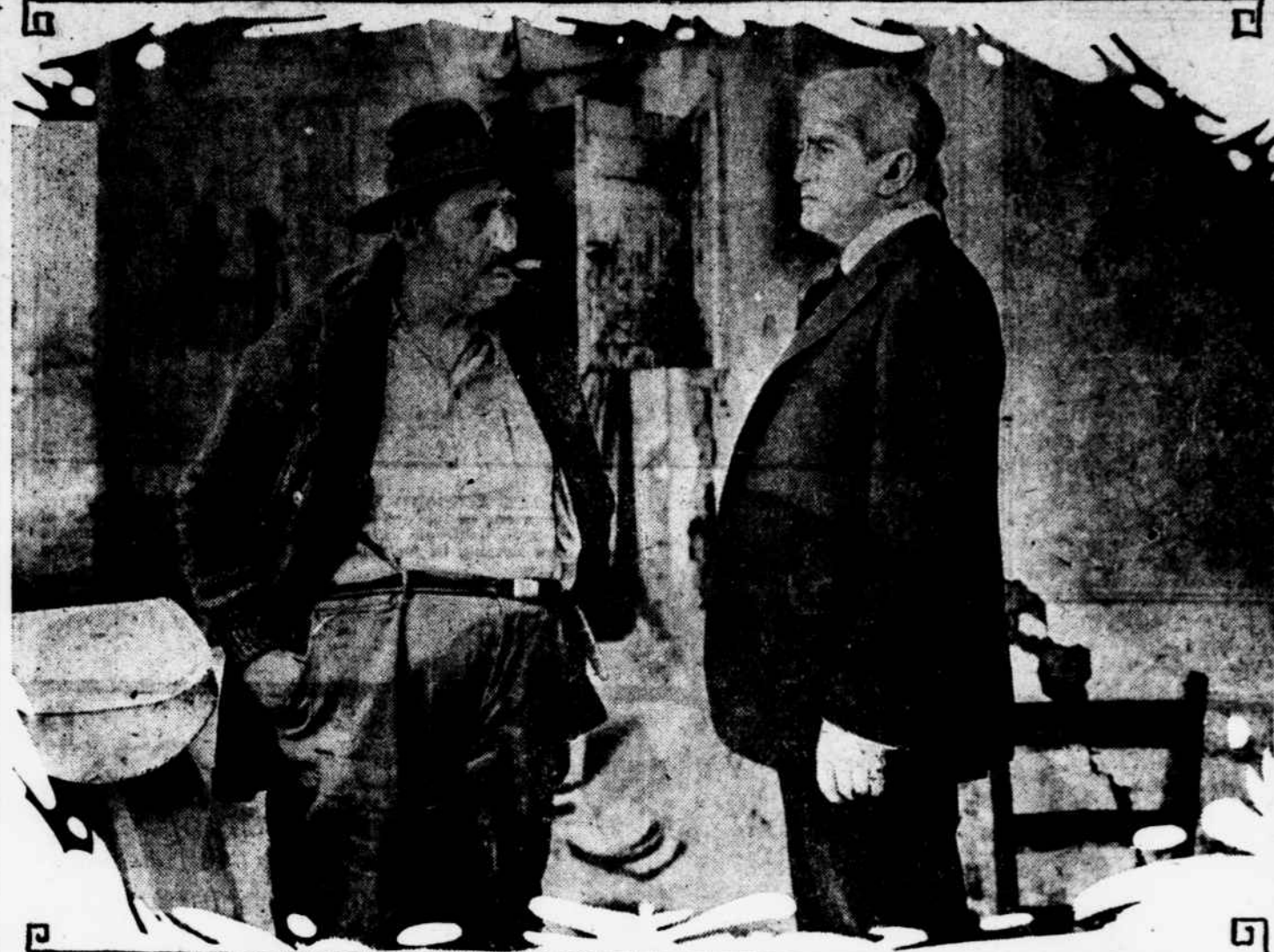
"I know it, Mr. Okada, and, for that reason, and the further reason that our deal is now definitely hung up for a year, I suggest that you return to El Toro with me this afternoon. I am no longer master here, but I shall be delighted to have you as my guest at the hotel in El Toro while you are making your investigations of the property. I wish to avoid the possibility of embarrassment to you, to Mr. Farrel, and to my family. I am sure you understand our position, Mr. Okada."

The potato baron nodded, acutely smiling.

## CHAPTER XV.

At a point where the road, having left the valley and climbed a grade to a mesa that gave almost an airplane view of the San Gregorio, Miguel Farrel looked back long and earnestly. For the first time since entering the car, at Kay Parker's invitation, he spoke.

"It's worth it," he announced, with conviction, "worth a fight to a finish with whatever weapons come to hand. If I — By the



THE meeting of Parker and Conway was marked by a tense atmosphere. A scene from the Cosmopolitan production to be seen soon at Loew's Palace.

holy poker! Sheep! Sheep on the Rancho Palomar! Thousands of them. Look! Over yonder!"

"How beautiful they look against those green and purple and gold hillsides!" the girl exclaimed.

"Usually a sheep is not beautiful to a cowboy," he reminded her. "However, if those sheep belong to Loustalot, they constitute the fairest sight mine eyes have gazed upon to date."

"And who might he be?"

"That shaggy thief I manhandled a few minutes ago. He's a sheepman from the San Carpo, and for a quarter of a century he has not dared set foot on the Palomar. Your father, thinking I was dead and that the ranch would

# THE VENGEANCE OF HENRY JARROMAN

By Roy Vickers.

DEEP in his inner consciousness Theed may have interpreted the last words as a wish that his plans for blackmailing Nadia, and to that end, if necessary, murdering her supposed father, might be highly successful. But the waking part of him accepted it at its face value—as a pious wish for the happiness of the young couple.

At ten-thirty he left his sumptuous bachelor flat, entered his car, and was driven to his office. Tuus bachelor flat, entered his inner sanctum when his junior brought him a telegram.

"The caretaker gave me this, sir. I opened it, of course. It's from Mr. Jarroman."

"From Mr. Jarroman—ah, yes," said Theed, taking the telegram. "Dear me! Mr. Jarroman wishes me to see him at once. What are my appointments for this morning?"

"You have an appointment at noon, sir, but none before that."

"Ah, most fortunate—most fortunate," said Theed. "In that case I will go at once and see what Mr. Jarroman wants. A fine morning, very fine. We really cannot expect this weather to last—it would be positively ungrateful."

To Theed's surprise, Jarroman himself opened the door of the flat.

"Hullo, Theed!" said Jarroman, and chuckled inanely. "I had to let you in myself, because the servants have gone. I sacked them last night with three months' wages, and they left in a hurry this morning—thought I was mad."

For an instant the same suspicion occurred to Theed. Then his strongly developed instinct of approaching danger warned him, and he followed Jarroman into the study, fully prepared for any trouble that might arise.

## Latest Word From Paris By Marie Suzanne

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France.

FROM a bodice of silver lame extends a silver lame train, and from a black velvet skirt trails another, of black velvet. Dorat is prodigal in the matter of trains. A deep decorative grille and slim "suspenders" are embroidered in jet and crystal.



## Your Manners.

IT IS CORRECT.

To receive callers when it is not actually inconvenient to do so. When a friend has taken the time to call, the courtesy should be appreciated. One need not, however, allow one's time to be monopolized in this way. Those who have a wide acquaintance and keep an afternoon for receiving their friends are privileged to use the phrase "not at home." The servant, when giving this information at the door, should add: "Mrs. Blank receives on Wednesday."

IT IS NOT CORRECT.

To keep a caller waiting. The mistress should instruct the maid each day in regard to visitors. If she is not receiving, the caller should be told this at the door, not after she has been admitted and allowed to wait while her name is sent in. Once admitted nothing but a very good reason should prevent her being received.

never be redeemed after foreclosure of the mortgage, leased the grazing privilege to Loustalot. I do not blame him. I do not think we have more than five hundred head of cattle on the ranch, and it would be a shame to waste that fine green feed."

Suddenly the sad and somber men induced by his recent grief fled his young-

tenance. He turned to her eagerly. "Miss Parker, if I have any luck worth while today I think I may win back my ranch."

"I wish you could win it back, Don Mike. I think we all wish it."

"I hope you all do." He laughed jocosely. "My dear Miss Parker, this is the open season on

carefully planned coup of his life had gone astray.

But the question did not catch him unawares. As the first action of a prudent burglar is to open the front door, Theed had prepared a safe retreat.

"After the trial your wife went to some furnished apartments in which you had once stayed, kept by a Mrs. Jarratt. I went there to find Mrs. Jarroman and learnt that she had fled, leaving the child on Mrs. Jarratt's hands."

The explanation had come too smartly, and he added:

"But, my dear Jarroman, why should you distress yourself with such a small point at this time of the morning?"

Again came that unearthly chuckle.

"Then, my dear Theed, you had your leg pulled," said Jarroman. "You may not know it, but John Camden was in the habit of staying with Mrs. Jarratt. It was where we first met—it was where he became friendly with my wife. The child you took was not my child, but John Camden's. The girl you have so generously looked after all these years is not my child, but John Camden's. The young woman I have accepted as my daughter is not my daughter, but Camden's."

"Jarroman!"

Theed uttered the name as if further comment were beyond him, and realistically dropped his lower jaw.

"You can accept my assurance that there is no possibility of my being mistaken," continued Jarroman, speaking rapidly. "I have investigated the matter with the utmost thoroughness. Further, I have found my own daughter—that clinches the thing."

Beneath the fleshy countenance of Theed there lurked an active intelligence. His first care was to play for time.

"My dear Jarroman, you astounded me! You shocked me! My only comfort is that you seem to be ready to acquit me of my carelessness in the matter. I did not know one baby from the other."

(Copyright, 1922, by Chicago Tribune.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Interesting Facts

The use of the wheel goes back to the dark ages. The first wheels were made of solid blocks of wood cut from the trunks of trees. Many changes were made before the modern wheel was evolved.

The Bureau of Animal Industry says that there are 205 bones in the body of a horse as compared with between 210 to 220 in the body of a man—the number in man increasing with age.

Bahism is a form of universal religion which teaches that all religions and creeds are part of the Divine plan, and that God revealed himself to different people at different times through various prophets.

Struggle of the Last of An Ancient California Line to Save the Family Estate From the Hands of the Encroaching Japanese.

terrible practical jokes. I'm no judge of sheep in bulk, but there must be not less than ten thousand over on that hillside, and if the title to them is vested in Andre Loustalot today it will be vested in me about a month from now. I shall attach them; they will be sold at public auction by the sheriff to satisfy in part my father's old judgment against Loustalot, and I shall bid them in—cheap. Nobody in San Marcos county will bid against me, for I can outbid everybody and acquire the sheep without having to put up a cent of capital. Oh, my dear, thoughtful, vengeful old dad! Dying, he assigned that judgment to me and had it recorded. I came across it in his effects last night."

"What are sheep worth, Don Mike?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, but I should say that, by next fall, those sheep should be worth not less than six dollars a head, including the wool-clip. They will begin to lamb in February, and by the time your father disposes me a year hence, the increase will amount to considerable. That flock of sheep should be worth about one hundred thousand dollars by the time I have to leave the Palomar, and I know I'm going to collect at least fifty thousand dollars in cash in addition."

He drew from his vest pocket a check for that sum, signed by Andre Loustalot and drawn in favor of John Parker, Trustee.

"How did you come by that check?" Kay demanded. "It belongs to my father, so, if you do not mind, Mr. Farrel, I shall retain it and deliver it to my father."

Quite deliberately, she folded the check and thrust it into her handbag. There was a bright spot of color in each cheek as she faced him, awaiting his explanation. He favored her with a Latin shrug.

"Your father will not accept the check, Miss Parker. Loustalot came for the sole purpose of handing him this check, but your father refused to accept it on the plea that that lease he had entered into with Loustalot for the grazing-privilege of the ranch was now null and void."

"How do you know all this? You were not present."

"No; I was not present, Miss

# WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

ETHEL PLUMMER, Illustrator

"Most illustrators cherish dreams of painting—or creating big things. But they have to keep busy watching the follies of their fellow men to satisfy popular demands. The sad side of life doesn't seem to appeal to newspaper and magazine readers, or at least the editors feel they must ignore it entirely. Only happiness, the follies of a life of ease, and the supreme eccentricities of our very rich seem



## VIRGINIA LEE ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE:

I HAVE two girl friends who do not like each other. I like them both equally. One is giving a party in a week. I have helped her plan the party, and it is going to be a wonderful evening for those invited.

She has not invited this other friend of mine. I thought she would for my sake, but she says no.

Would it be loyal of me to attend the party? I do not want to lose the friendship of this other girl by so doing.

If I go, one may feel hurt; if I don't, the other may feel slighted. What shall I do? D. E. C.

Go to the party, of course. Your other friend, I am sure, did not expect to be invited, nor would she have gone if she had been, under the circumstances.

Both these girls like you, despite their dislike for each other. Why should one suddenly cease being friendly because you accept an invitation from the other?

continue the present regime, no doubt the majority will consent, with the proviso that I have mentioned. As a matter of fact there is little difference between a democratic monarchy, where the king is rendered powerless by the constitution and a republic. I fancy England is just as democratic politically, though possibly not socially, as the United States."

HEROISM is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh; that is to say, over fear of poverty, calumny, illness, loneliness and death.—HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL.

A Thought for Today